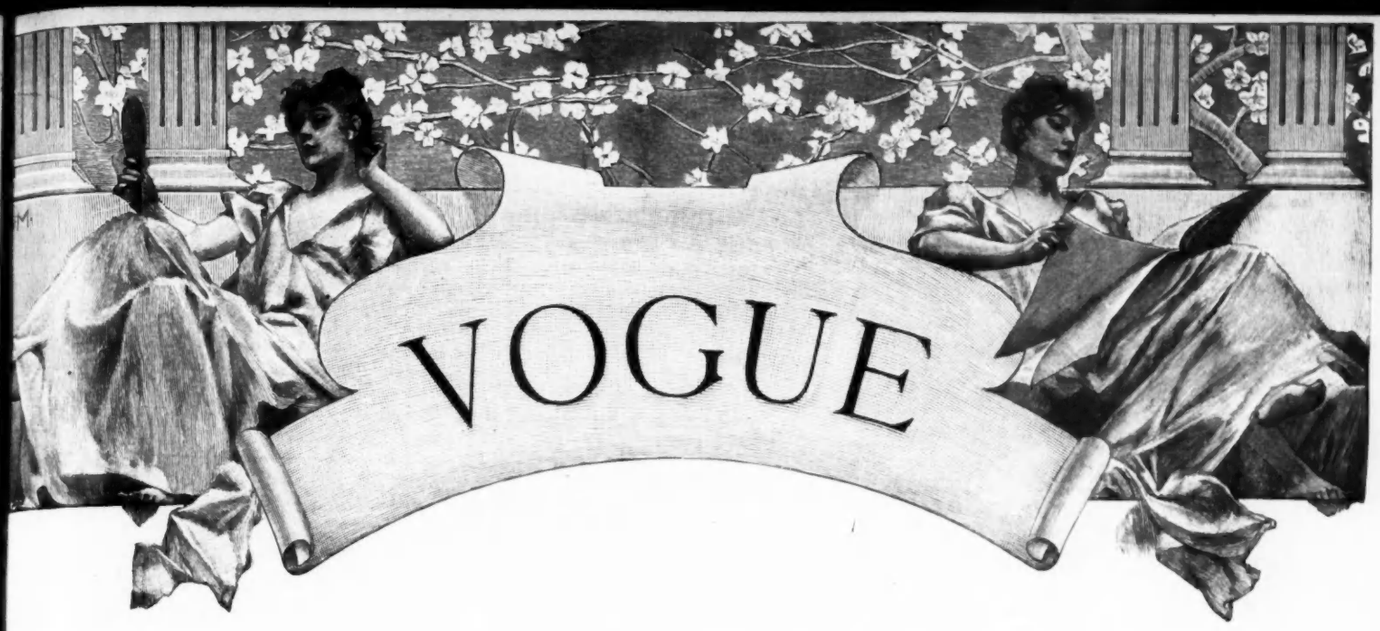

AN ACADEMIC UPHEAVAL

YOUNG COLLEGIAN: "If only people knew as much as they think they know ——"

VASSAR GRADUATE (wickedly): "Why, then the undergraduates would be delivering lectures to the professors!"

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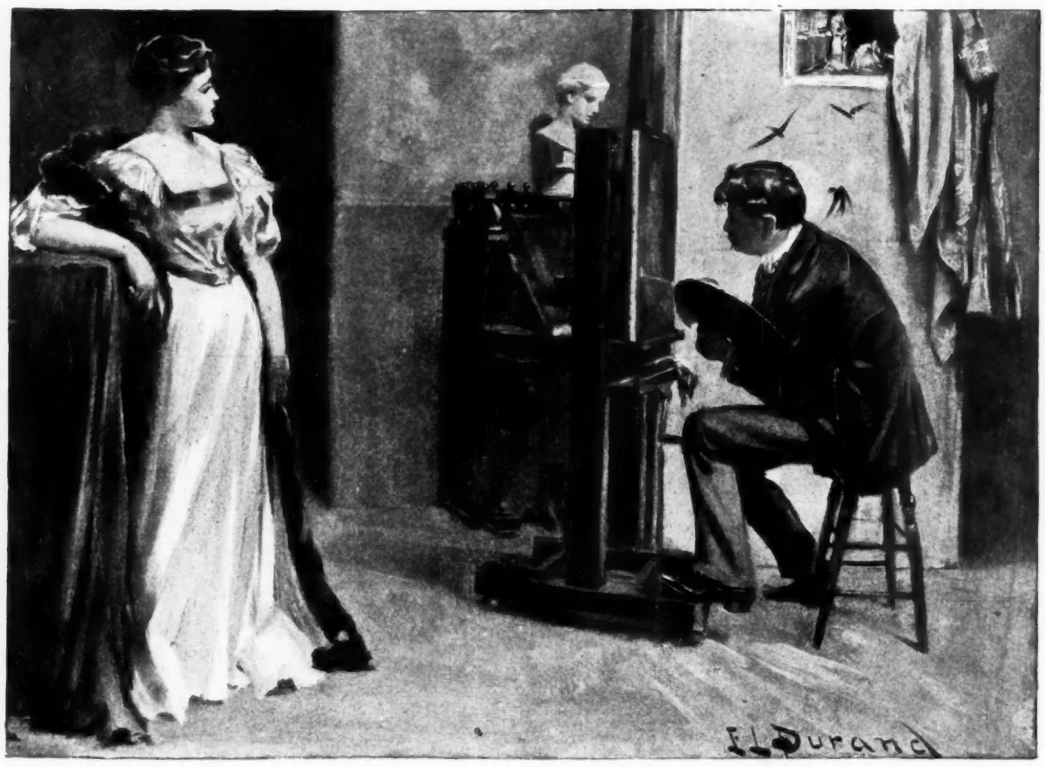
VOLUME 1 NUMBER 18 APRIL 15, 1893

VOGUE

HER COSTUME PROTOTYPE



A DISCLOSURE FORESTALLED

HARKAWAY: "Just before you were married you told me that you loved me. But you need not fear that I shall tell your husband of it."

MRS. CUTTING: "Indeed, I told him of it long ago, but he said it was impossible."

A SWEET THOUGHT

LITTLE EFFIE: "Do you love me very much, mamma?"

MAMMA (a widow): "Yes, my darling."

LITTLE EFFIE: "Then, why don't you marry the man at the candy store?"

AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION

MRS. SMITH: "And how is your neighbor?"

MRS. BROWN: "She's well enough, I suppose. I haven't seen her to speak to for six weeks."

MRS. SMITH: "Why, I thought you were on the most friendly terms."

MRS. BROWN: "Well, we used to be; but we've exchanged servants."

SAYINGS SAFER UNSAID

PRIMUS: "When I said 'it takes three generations to make a gentleman,' did that young Dingley think I was hitting at him?"

SECUNDUS: "Oh, no. He said he thought you were dreaming of the day when you might have a great grandson."

MISS NANCY

She is no maid of high degree
Who loves a rout or great levee,
A gossip or a dish of tea,
Like Ethel Maud de Lancey.
Oh, most she cares to brew and bake—
Jellies, and jams, and raisin cake,
I love them all for her dear sake,
My sweet demure Miss Nancy!

Her hair is like a halo—gilt,
Her nose it has a saucy tilt,
Her voice a very skylark's lilt,
And oh, she takes my fancy!
A "vieille moustache," I've won my spurs,
Faced all the odds that war incurs,
Yet quail beneath a frown of hers,
And prove myself—"Miss Nancy."

Sometimes she flouts and scorns me too,
Taunts me that I her favor sue,
Bids me another maiden woo,
Far from her necromancy.
But when I from her presence start,
She leans her head upon my heart,
Says, "Could you thus in anger part;
Oh, would you not miss—Nancy?"

N. M. W.

[For description of the drawings published in Vogue see Society Supplement.]

AT HOME AND ON THE AVENUE

OF INTEREST TO HER

IN taking my walks abroad, not many days ago, I had a forcible illustration of the love that women and children, without reference to their class and condition, have for flowers. A poor degraded creature, of the weaker sex, was dragging herself along the pavement just in front of me. She was squalid and ragged, one from whom all trace of womanliness seemed to have fled, and as I looked at her and then at a bright young specimen of girlhood, who walked cheerily past, I groaned over the vast gulf that nature and fortune seemed to have fixed between them. At that moment the poor creature stooped, and groped greedily over something that she saw on the pavement before her. Supposing that she had had a "find of pennies," I walked a little quicker and stopped to look. She was gathering a few stray violets, that the pretty maiden had dropped from her corsage bouquet, and as her dirty, trembling fingers secured the fragrant blossoms, she thrust them into her tattered garment with a loving look that made her seem quite human. Perhaps she had a vision of a sick child at home, whose eyes would brighten at the sight of them—perhaps she stored them for some less worthy purpose—but the joy that shone on her hard, coarse features, as she pressed the frail blossoms to her bosom, showed that they were a link, with some better and higher life, which vice and destitution had been powerless to wipe out.

A little farther on, and I passed a florist's window, brilliant with the blooms that only Easter-tide displays. Tall calla lilies and great sprays of the spotless Annunciation variety made a background for vases filled with American Beauty roses, dark red fragrant Jacques, and drooping white and yellow Maréchal Neils, while the flowers of the field, stately daisies, bright-eyed buttercups and white and purple violets, contended with hyacinths, crocuses, gaudy tulips, and conceited yellow narcissi, for the admiration of the passers-by. But those who stopped to gaze and to enjoy, were obliged to look over the heads of a crowd of children from all sorts and conditions of homes, pampered darlings in silk and velvet, schoolboys and girls with satchels and lunch boxes, grinning newsboys and tattered crossing-sweepers, all forming one little admiring community and wondering doubtless how such lovely things were made. And in my heart I blessed the great Christian festival, which, apart from all religious significance, brought a sense of nature's beautiful provision for the happiness of her children into the lives of the poor and most ignorant.

One of the newest and most amusing branches of industry that vanity and worldliness have developed is the collecting of newspaper notices of distinguished belles and beauties and supplying them to the originals in a neat and compact form, for the moderate compensation of $2 if the portraits and paragraphs are pasted on sheets of paper, and a somewhat larger sum if collected in a portable book form. The rapidity with which the originators of this new scheme have secured subscribers effectually does away with the idea, which fashionable people are fond of circulating, that newspaper notices are repugnant to their sense of delicacy and an unwarrantable intrusion upon the sanctity of private life. If only the paragraphs are complimentary they all like to be the subjects of them, and in keeping the record for their children they secure what will be a valuable contribution to the social history of the country, thirty or fifty years hence.

While half the world is home from Florida and Georgia, to hurry up their dressmakers and get their costumes ready for April weddings, the other half is starting out on transatlantic voyages, to pur-

chase summer outfits or perhaps to take a peep at the great capitals of France and England in the glitter and show of their spring season, or else, in gorgeous palaces, which almost fly through space, are beginning a three months' tour over our vast western continent.

If Dr. Seward Webb with his family and friends had put his Fifth Avenue house or his Shelburne Farms mansion on wheels, and attached a locomotive engine to either one, he could hardly have provided himself with more luxuries, comforts and elegances than his especial train of six drawing-room cars afforded when he left here on his western tour. These cars were a study for artists and decorators. The richness of the brocade hangings, the daintiness of the lace sash curtains, the luxuriousness of beds, sofas and chairs, the exquisite harmony of color that pervades every apartment are suggestive of Oriental life, combined with the wonderful appliances that steam and electricity have brought into household use in this nineteenth century.

Mrs. Webb's drawing-room is as large, as commodious, and as well filled with Dresden and Sèvres bric-a-brac as the one in her Fifth Avenue house. The dining-room glistens with silver, crystal and porcelain, the nurseries are marvels of comfort and adaptability for the young millionaires who are to occupy them. In short, the temporary home in which the Webb family is to travel over thousands of miles of new and varied scenes, thereby receiving an education which nothing else can give, is in every respect equal to the ocean homes of other members of the Vanderbilt family, who build their yachts as they do their houses, to supply not only every possible want, but to gratify every fad and fancy.

One cannot help wondering what will become of the members of this Aladdin-like family should they live long enough for all their indulgences to pall upon the jaded sense—having exhausted the world and the wonders of it—with nothing left for them but, like Alexander, to sigh for new worlds to conquer. The mutability of all human affairs supplies the only solution to this problem—for who can tell how far the rich and the poor may have changed places before another generation has passed away?

WHAT SHE WEARS

IT has only been necessary to use one's eyes, for the last week, to see what she wears and what she is going to wear for many months to come.

The shop windows have been full of novelties, and the promenaders on Fifth Avenue have displayed an endless number of new and startling costumes. It would be uncharitable to give even the initials of a lady whom I saw stepping into her carriage before the Hotel Waldorf, the other day,

MISS BARCLAY

as I must describe her costume in all its bizarre ugliness. The colors were royal purple and apple green, a startling contrast. The skirt was of the darker color, so full that it hung in huge folds and wobbled as she walked. Its trimmings were flounces and ruches of apple green, and a very wide frill or bertha of the same color encircled the shoulders.

MISS LOUISE MORRIS.
MISS FRANCES LÜRMAN.
MISS EUGENIA McLANE.
masghii par
satti
mi
Baltimor

MISS MARIE STIRLING.
MISS ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON.
MISS LOTA ROBINSON.
MRS JESSE TYSON.
M.N. ARMSTRONG

The huge leg-o'-mutton sleeves were of velvet, shot in green and purple, and so cut that one of them was pale green and the other distinctly violet. The hat was one of the very minute sort, and had a transparent crown of green open-work straw, with a butterfly bow of royal purple velvet in front and a very erect aigrette at one side. Fortunately, the wearer of this wonderful creation was tall and graceful, or the effect would have been even more disastrous than it was.

In contrast to this was a soft, delicious gray crêpon, worn by Mrs. Burke-Roche, looking, as she sat in her open victoria, as if she were enveloped in cloud land. The trimmings of gray satin exactly matched the material of which the gown was made, as did also the pale gray velvet of the puffed sleeves. As a protection against the rather chilly wind Mrs. Roche wore a cape made of silk and velvet in alternate stripes, and bordered with a narrow band of chinchilla fur. A gray bonnet, with a large pink rose resting partly on top and partly on the side, completed this exquisite costume.

There is no doubt at all that crêpon and chiffon are both to enter largely into the manufacture of summer gowns. The crêpon can be had in every variety of color and texture, as thick as cloth and as thin as gauze. The most delicate shades of color appear in it, and an indefinite number of the changeable combinations which are now so much the rage. As for the chiffon—it is the millionaire's trimming, as it lasts but a day, even under the most favorable conditions of temperature and atmosphere, but nothing else, not even real lace, is as dressy and becoming for a demi-toilette as embroidered chiffon.

It is said that Miss Martin's trousseau, for richness and elegance, goes far beyond what royal mammas provide for their daughters, on the other side. A very small portion of it, however, has been bought over here, as the Countess of Craven, of course, must wear very different toilettes from the young débutante bride who has scarcely yet reached her eighteenth year. It was a matter of some surprise to English friends that Mrs. Martin did not have her daughter presented to the Queen at the March Drawing-Room, but the greater distinction of being presented on her marriage as the Countess of Craven, as well as the hurry and fatigue of departure from England, probably decided against it.

HIS ROOM-MATE

SMaller than he, fairer, daintier, purer; without his temper or his whims, without his worries, without his fears—and yet so sympathetic that all his pleasures and pains were hers too—his room-mate, surely, was his better by half.

He was very fond of her—loved her, perhaps, after a fashion, and did a hundred little things to please her (after all, you know, it is the little things that truly please us), and she was pleased with everything he did, just because it was he who did it. He hardly knew how pleased she was; had he, he would have treated her a little better, I think.

Still she loved him for what he did do, and did not dislike him nor blame him for not doing what he might have done. Her love of him was simple and pure and satisfied.

She pleased him because she was always the same. He knew where to find her: it was the finding of what he looked for in her that delighted him. He looked not for love to find reproaches; he looked not for sympathy to find distance; nor for fellowship to find strangeness. She seemed to understand him and to know his wants by intuition.

They lived together, he and she, in apartments up town. He was a poor writer himself and could not afford a better place. Their room was large and sunny; its furnishings were simple and sufficient. On the floor were rugs—she was as fond of rugs as he of books; he had his favorite volume, she her choice carpet or skin—he could afford such things because he loved them. She was a home body and seldom went out; nor did she seem to care to know the people about her. He did not blame her for that, however—they were not very nice people.

He had taken her from a world vastly different from his own. His friends wondered at his fondness for her; some of them were disgusted at the intimacy—for, you see, they did not understand her, nor see her as he did—they knew only that he had "picked her up," as the saying is, on the street.

When he came home from work—he worked in a newspaper office down town—she was always at the door to meet him. She never mistook his step; never listened for others. That first caress at the door she loved so dearly. When he was not worried with business, or was not reading, he would take her in his arms and love her—as she loved most to be loved. They were a very happy pair of room-mates. He used to say to her: "I wonder how long we can live thus together? We are so happy."

One day he came home and coming in did not mind her offered caresses—did not take her in his arms—did not call her his "old sweetheart," but changed his dress and went away hastily, leaving her with hardly a word. And again he did it, and again. She did not know why. She was miserable.

And then he went away and stayed days and days—a week nearly. She lived partially with the family below—they saw that she was alone and took compassion on her; but it was a compassion

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In the School of Coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar;
Oh, they fish with all nets,
In the School of Coquettes!
When her brooch she forgets,
'Tis to show her new collar;
In the School of Coquettes
Madam Rose is a scholar!

—Dobson.

that brought no peace. When he did come home she bounded to the stairs to meet him; but there was someone with him—a woman; and he had his arm about her. His "old sweetheart" drew back. Who was this new one coming into her realm? What could it mean? She crept back into the shadow of a heavy curtain and watched them. They sat down in the great arm chair—he with his arms about her. The sun came in—a flood of gold, and fell on the red rug before them. Out of the window they could see the tops of many houses below them.

"To have you here, where I have worked and lived, and to know that you are soon to be mine, mine, mine, dearest, fills me with a joy undreamed before," and he drew her close into his arms and kissed her again and again.

His "old sweetheart" stole out from the shadow of the curtain and came and stood before him, and looked up into his face. There was no reproach in the look, no blame, only wonder. Then she bounded lightly into the lap of the woman who sat beside him, and rubbed her soft, furry head against her hand—purring the while.

Jerome C. Bull.

A PROPOSAL

BEhind the ferns and palms in Mrs. Norton's tiny conservatory a flirtation was going on—at least, so the gossips said; many heads were turned in that direction, and one lady confided to another that such conspicuous flirtations were perfectly horrid, right in Mrs. Norton's house, too—really Jack Leonard had no heart.

It was the hour of five o'clock tea. Mrs. Norton's drawing-room was crowded. She was a charming hostess, and though no one could tell just where the attraction lay, she always gathered around her the most interesting people; and the few words she said to them in her low, musical voice, made them want to come again. She was a little woman of twenty-five, with an ivory skin; her soft, black hair, waved down on either side of her face, gave the effect but none of the affectation of the usual Madonna coiffure. Her face, as she talked cleverly with her guests, was lit by a faint smile, that was inexpressibly sad; her beautiful little hands were listlessly clasped and never moved as she spoke.

Behind the thin, green screen, Jack Leonard seemed to have forgotten his pretty companion; he watched Mrs. Norton gliding around the room, noted the pretty, graceful way that she said good-by and, after a while, he spoke in a very low tone:

"She is dead, you know," he said. "She died, poor little thing, five years ago, when she was married. I watched her gliding about that way, and I know she is dead, only her poor little body isn't buried yet. We were engaged once, you probably know—I was away. Her father died, and there were six younger children. She struggled along—I knew nothing—and then her nerves gave out, and she married Jim Norton; he is an awfully good fellow, but she was so dainty and frail, it just killed her.

His companion was perfectly still.

"Thought I would like to tell you," he kept on, "and then if you didn't mind, dear—I wish you would marry me."

The girl did not speak for a moment; she was a handsome, spoiled creature with a huge fortune, which made her worldly wise about the many persons that came in quest of her. She had doubted Jack's sincerity up to that moment, but now everything was swept away in the pity of it. With a rush of feeling she laid her fair, white hand over his.

"I don't think a second wife need ever be jealous," she said.

Polly King.

FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF A BOULEVARDIER

HOW MRS. DE VRIES LEARNED HER LESSON

NO one seeing Mr. Harry de Vries swinging up the Avenue with his friend, Bob Rydert, would have imagined that anyone so handsome, so debonnaire, so well dressed and elegant, could have been in need of money.

Yet such was the case, decidedly the case. Mr. Harry de Vries had many possessions which make life worth living to gentlemen of his calibre—beauty, health, self-confidence, family, position, intelligence, savoir faire—everything, in short, but that most desirable possession, the love of which, according to the Preacher, is the root of all evil, but the lack of which Mr. de Vries' world finds infinitely worse.

In fact, Mr. Harry de Vries was so very down on his luck that there was but one thing for him to do—marry money. And this he always kept before his mind's eye. But, being a young man who knew his world well, he made no mistakes. He realized perfectly that the celebrated beauty and heiress he led the german with on Monday night would dance with him, laugh with him, flirt with him, but would no more marry him than she would marry her father's butler. New York knew of Mr. de Vries' impecuniosity and of the manner in which he intended to rectify this misfortune.

Ugly débutantes with money and pretty débutantes with money, year by year, bloomed under his eyes, but Mr. de Vries bent no knee before their shrines. Twice in the last three years he had made a well-worded offer of himself and his ancient

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name respectively to the sole heiress of a Chicago pork packer, and the daughter of a San Francisco bonanza king, and though his manner was all that polish and self-interest could make it, and his exterior that of a young Apollo, both girls refused him. The second rejection left him feeling just a little blank. What was he to do?

It was at this uncomfortable juncture that Bob Rydert, studying law in a famous lawyer's office, told him something that was extremely interesting:

"The fortunes stuck away in odd corners of New York would surprise you," said Bob, the discursive. "There's a girl lives over on West Tenth Street, in an old, broken-kneed house you wouldn't hang your ancestor's portraits in, that's got cart-loads—just cart-loads of money. She's the heiress of about fifteen old jays, godfathers and grandmothers and uncles and things, who all owned slices of New York, and when they dropped off left them to her because they hadn't anybody else to leave them to. She's got two old aunts, and lots of old servants and dogs, and birds. When you get in the house it's so dark you fall over tables and chairs, and into fires. I've been down there often for my chief. He's her trustee. Last week she was eighteen and came into an income from about fourteen blocks of buildings scattered about town, and when she's twenty-one she'll come into about fourteen more—can't touch anything but the income until then. She's an ugly, little, peaked thing, but she's got the stuff—" thus said Bob Rydert, of the classic phraseology.

Clearly this was a find. As Mr. Harry de Vries and Mr. Bob Rydert walked up the Avenue they talked things over, and, in the course of the next month Mr. Harry de Vries was introduced into the house on West Tenth Street by his friend.

It was an odd old house, dark and gloomy, and full of odd, old things. The two maiden aunts were like two little fluttering, twittering birds, who played backgammon every night by the light of two wax candles in silver candlesticks. They had brought up their grandniece, Olivia Dale, in the silent seclusion of the old house. Olivia had never been to school. She had never had playmates as a child, or friends as a young girl. She had never done anything but read, talk to her aunts, drive out with them in their large, closed carriage, go to church, sew a little fancy work, and walk out on fine days with her aged nurse, who had been her mother's before her. Everybody in the house was old but Olivia. She was eighteen, and, for the rest, was a thin, ugly, quiet little girl.

Olivia Dale fell in love with Harry de Vries immediately and desperately. She was not as clever as the daughter of the bonanza king or the sole heiress of the pork packer and was quite as rich, as Harry de Vries took pains to ascertain. No suitors had been before him to accustom the dreaming maiden's ear to the soft whisperings of love. Indeed, Harry de Vries was the only young man beside Bob Rydert that the girl had ever known, and Harry de Vries was, be it remembered, as handsome as Apollo.

When he used to lounge round to the house on West Tenth Street he generally found her watching for him, her pale face peering out from between the curtains of the reception room window. When—having thought over what he would say on his way down town from his club—he proposed to her, she accepted him with a mute joy too intense for blushes.

So Mr. Harry de Vries married his heiress, to the admiring wonder of his world, and brought her out into "society." The novelty of everything made the silent young bride more silent than ever. She had been torn up from her darkened seclusion in the old Tenth Street house and planted in the midst of a glitter of gaiety and life, with a suddenness that made her eyes blink. She was as fluttered and frightened and shy as a newly caught bird.

Her début was not a success, greatly to De Vries' chagrin. The gorgeous costumes she had ordered from Paris were far too heavy and too handsome to be carried off by a girl so small and colorless, and arrayed in these elaborate masterpieces she looked more insignificant than usual. People wondered how De Vries could have married such a plain, uninteresting girl, even though she did have cart-loads of money.

Indeed, Mrs. de Vries was not entertaining. Her gay and gallant husband took her from dinner to dance, from opera to ball. He introduced her to people who slipped away from her, murmuring excuses, and left her sitting drearily against the wall. Then she looked on at the glory of the ball, and saw her handsome husband flitting about with beautiful women—such beautiful women!—so beautifully dressed, so gay, so self-possessed, whose eloquent words were only surpassed by their still more eloquent glances—and Mrs. de Vries began to understand things.

Kindly people sometimes came up and tried to talk to her, men, who, among themselves, expressed forcible opinions of Harry de Vries; Bob Rydert, who was sorry for her and felt desperately guilty when he saw her sitting weighed down in her satins and diamonds, with her eyes following her husband, who was dancing with a beautiful and gay divorcée; a friend of Bob's chief, a prominent lawyer, who occasionally took a handsome sister out into the gay world which he loathed; a sympathetic woman or two who had probably "been there" herself. But Mrs. de Vries had none of the "usages of society." She had not yet mastered the art of talking gaily when her heart was sick within her. Unquestionably she had a great deal to learn.

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For the rest of that winter, society could laugh or grieve over the spectacle of Mrs. Harry de Vries, expensively and hideously dressed, sitting against walls, trying not to cry. It was an unusual sight. Harry de Vries began to think she was making him ridiculous, and so he kissed her and told her he thought she'd better stay at home. Here, when he was good-humored and talkative, he would enlighten her as to both the smooth and seamy sides of that society which had so dazzled her, telling her strange stories of the men he had presented to her, and of the women with whom he danced so assiduously. Young Mrs. de Vries, slowly emerging from the Cimmerian darkness of her girlhood, gasped and staggered in this sudden flood of light. To her occasional startled comment her husband could only respond with laughter. When he thought about her at all he thought she was very funny with her old-world illusions and vagaries. He, too, said she had a good deal to learn.

Mrs. de Vries, despite her quietness and ignorance, was not stupid, and when she had recovered from the stunned condition that ensued upon her introduction to married life and society she began to slowly collect her senses, to look, to listen and then—perhaps feeling her deficiencies—to learn. After she had cried all the tears that were in her to cry, after she had thought that the world had come down about her ears and her life was dust and ashes, after the first darkness of her despair had lifted, she began to look about her, prick her ears, and learn. Mr. de Vries had been a good teacher; society had been a good teacher; Mrs. de Vries, at twenty, began to be a good pupil.

Harry de Vries, occupied with his own concerns, enjoying himself mightily on his wife's income, did not notice how quickly she was beginning to learn. It was another case of the prophet in his own country. Outsiders began to talk about Mrs. de Vries. She used to be ugly, they said, now she was getting pretty. In her small, delicate slimness there was a fairy-like fineness that she accentuated with her studied style of dress. The cumbrous gorgeousness of two years back had given place to an exquisite French daintiness. She looked like one of those figures in thin china, lace, hair and all, so frail, so fair, so delicate in tint, was this small and lonely lady. She arranged her hair—it had been lifeless blonde hair—in little ruffled curls, very chic! She had wide, child-like gray eyes and tiny, thin hands like birds' feet.

It was just about this time that she came into the second half and the complete control of her property, and that Harry de Vries began to realize that she had been learning. She bought a new house—she bought it—and furnished it. She began to entertain in it. She entertained splendidly in it. Society rubbed its eyes. Could this be the same woman? Could this be the girl that three years before sat red-eyed, drooping, unhappy in the middle of billows of unbecoming millinery? Harry de Vries, seeing his wife at the top of his, or, more correctly, her glittering table, a fair, yellow-locked, porcelain-tinted creature, bedecked and diamonded, and powerful in the knowledge of good and evil, began to have creeping doubts if he and the world had taught wisely and well.

Yes, Mrs. de Vries was coming out. She was a distinguished hostess, certainly. People began to remember that she had come of an old New York family, famous so many generations back as viveurs. Then, too, she was a brilliant conversationist. Among the really stupid people and the people who pretended to be stupid that surrounded her, Mrs. de Vries shone like a star. In the old days, in the house on West Tenth Street, she had read a good deal, and now she could express, as original, opinions from her old books, with all the careless effrontery of one who has practiced mild, social deceits all their life. Mr. de Vries began to feel nervous at the rapidity with which she was progressing in the lore of the world and its ways.

About a year later Mrs. de Vries began to take no elaborate pains to conceal her indifference to her lord. She gave him supplies, but held the reins of her fortune tight. Mr. de Vries tried to protest, but the neophyte was a neophyte no longer. There were mutual recriminations, then there were quarrels, and Mrs. de Vries, so well had she learned her lesson, retired to a western town and there obtained a divorce from Harry de Vries, who, instead of having to submit to the curtailing of his income, had to submit to its absolute cessation. Thus this handsome and debonnaire gentleman, who had once possessed the fortune and the heart of his wife, was now bereft of both.

So, in the see-saw of fate, Harry de Vries went down. His wife, who was learning her lesson better and better, forgot him, or pretended to, which, as far as he was concerned, was much the same thing. After she had been for five years as beautiful and gaily insouciante a divorcée as the one with whom she used to watch her husband dance, she selected from a flattering array of suitors Bob Rydert, and blessed him with her hand and fortune.

It was an odd marriage, for she might have chosen several better men. But Mrs. de Vries had come to know many things. She did not feel that she was just the suitable wife for the great lawyer who was the partner of her old trustee, and who had been captured by her delicate charm. He ought to find a simpler, fresher nature, that could sympathize with and help him in his ever broadening career. She, who had been so battered in the social arena, still loved it. And for Bob Rydert there was a soft spot in her withered heart—she remembered how Bob had been sorry for her in her dark days.

Geraldine Bonner.

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18TH—19TH STREETS—SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE GILLISS PRESS NEW YORK

VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

APRIL 15, 1893

SOCIETY

Luncheons, dinners, musicales and weddings keep us all busy, but dancing has been relegated to the younger set, who, by the way, have been having a very gay time this Easter season. The college holidays have brought no end of young fellows to town and the débutantes of next winter have had a very lively foretaste of what their life will be when they are once launched upon the world. Mrs. Delafield's and Mrs. Wood's dancing class have had two meetings since Lent ended, and Mrs. Coppell gave a very jolly dance for her son on Tuesday evening.

Miss Bradley Martin, the Earl of Craven and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin have been dined, feted and entertained to their hearts' content. Mrs. Nicholas Fish gave a very delightful musicale in their honor last Saturday at which were present among others, Mr. and Mrs. George de Forest, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. and Mrs. Rhinelander Stewart.

Sunday night Mrs. Paran Stevens gave a most superb dinner in her new residence, No. 1 East Fifty-seventh Street. Mrs. Paran Stevens's former Sunday evenings in her old house on Fifth Avenue near Twenty-seventh Street, were for many years the nearest approach to a salon then known in America. Mrs. Stevens has always been a most remarkable hostess and she possesses, to a rare extent, the charm of drawing forth latent talent. You were always sure of meeting prominent people from all over the world who were present in the city at these Sunday evening entertainments. It is some time now since she has held these, but her removal to this superb new house, so perfectly adapted for entertaining, means a renewal to the smart set of what were always considered the pleasantest of receptions. The guests at her dinner last Sunday, were Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, Miss Cornelia Martin, the Earl of Craven, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mortimer, Mr. J. J. Van Alen, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven, Mr. and Mrs. George B. de Forest, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor and the Hon. Rupert Cecil Craven. Later in the evening there was music and a hundred or more guests were invited. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cooper, the Misses Cameron, Miss Nellie Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Rives, Miss Grace Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mrs. Willie Jaffray, and Mr. J. Wadsworth Ritchie.

Miss de Forest and Miss Callender, who have been spending the last ten days in Chicago, expect to return home to-day. They have been giving a series of dinners on Sunday evenings this winter for from eighteen to twenty guests. Miss de Forest's service of gold plate, with Bohemian glass to correspond, is perhaps the handsomest in the city, and the picture of the beautiful dining room, with the round table, when laid for dinner would be hard to excel.

The Vanderbilt contingent has gone from the city in one direction and another. Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt and the Elliott F. Shepards have gone with Mr. George Vanderbilt to his place at Asheville. The W. Seward Webbs have started, as we all know, on their trip across the continent and the Twomblys, who will leave town very shortly for their country place at Madison, New Jersey, are not entertaining in consequence of their mourning. The Sloanes are abroad, and when they return will go directly to Bar Harbor. The Cornelius Vanderbilts are still in deep mourning, and until next fall, if then, will not be at all prominent in the social world.

It would seem to be the fashionable thing to have one's daughters drilled in the fire brigade, because fires are evidently the fashion. Still, without any drilling, if report be true, Mrs. John Jacob Astor behaved quite as pluckily at the recent fire at their country place as did Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall last winter and Mrs. August Belmont, Jr., at the fire a year ago last fall. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who was one of the guests at Mrs. Paran Stevens's Sunday evening dinner, looked remarkably handsome, and her exertions at the fire only two nights before had evidently not caused nervous prostration, which would go far to prove that the fashionable life does not always make weak helpless women, but may tend to a good judgment and quick thought.

The Hotel Waldorf is evidently quite the place for small dinners. Perhaps it is because so many people who were not on the Astors' visiting list some years ago can now prove to their satisfaction that money combined with quiet waiting can accomplish anything, for anyone who so wills it and has the necessary funds, can now dine in the very same room, to all intents and purposes, as did the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Astor. One of the most beautiful dinners yet enjoyed there was the one given by Mr. Heber R. Bishop. Mrs. Bishop is abroad, and so Mrs. Ogden Mills acted as hostess. Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce and Mr. and Mrs. George de Forest were among the fortunate guests who were unanimous in voting the cuisine and the decorations unsurpassed.

Mrs. Frederick Goodridge seems to have entered into a series of entertainments. She will give a luncheon to-day, another on the 18th, and no less than two dinners during the week. Mrs. Goodridge and her unmarried daughter will sail for Europe soon, while their house at Riverdale will unfortunately be closed during the summer.

To-day the two weddings will be celebrated at noon, one at Calvary Church and one at Ascension, which will involve a good deal of difficulty as to deciding which one to attend, because both marriages are to be extremely interesting. Miss Lorillard and Mr. Tailer who are to be married at Calvary have been the objects of much interest ever since the announcement of their engagement last fall, and although Miss Lorillard has not gone out much into society, she has made countless friends, and Mr. T. Suffern Tailer is a very popular fellow.

Miss Cowdin, who is to marry Mr. Hamilton Hoppin, is a very pretty girl, and like her two sisters, Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Griswold, has always been a great belle. Mr. Hoppin was one of the founders of the Calumet Club and has always been the greatest of favorites. Miss Cowdin is to have some very pretty bridesmaids, and Ascension Church is a very good place for a picturesque wedding. The receptions which will follow these weddings are in each case to be quite small. It is generally understood now that a large number of invitations are always sent out for the ceremony at the church, but at the house only relatives and intimate friends are present. The marriage of Miss Marie Havemeyer to Mr. Perry Tiffany, which is to take place April 22d, will undoubtedly be the most beautiful of any of these spring weddings, for it will be celebrated in the Havemeyer house, which is universally considered one of the handsomest and best arranged residences in this city. Miss Havemeyer who was only introduced to society last winter, is a handsome brunette and has the same charm of manner as her two married sisters, Mrs. Edward Clarkson Potter and Mrs. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., both of whom married soon after their début. Marrying and giving in marriage, seems to be the fashion in the Havemeyer family, for last week the engagement was announced of Miss Katherine Sands, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Sands, of New Hamburg, to Miss Havemeyer's brother, Mr. Theodore Havemeyer, Jr.

OLD NEW YORK IN THE WORLD'S FAIR

IT is proposed that the thirteen original States shall join in a historical loan collection at Chicago, and space has been reserved in the rotunda of the Government Building, where the Departments of State and Justice will exhibit, and which will be policed and patrolled by a special force night and day.

In the space granted to New York will be shown portraits, miniatures, silver, autographs and relics of all kinds which have belonged to characters prominent in the State from its first settlement until 1800.

In the New York State Building a room has been placed at the disposal of the Committee in which will be shown articles illustrating the domestic history of the State, but which may not have belonged to historical characters.

Mrs. Frederic R. Jones, Chairman, 21 East Eleventh Street, will receive lists of relics offered for the exhibit, and the Committee will designate such objects as they select, and which will be sent to the residence of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, 9 Lexington Avenue, on the morning of Friday, April 21, 1893, before eleven o'clock, when a Committee of Experts will make the final selection.

Owners can rest assured that whatever they lend will be securely packed at the expense of the State, transported in fireproof cars, and fully insured at the owner's valuation by the State of New York during transportation, and by the Columbian Exhibition authorities during the Fair.

The Committee is: Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mrs. J. G. K. Duer, Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, Mrs. Bayard Livingston, Mrs. George Clinton Genet, Mrs. Schermerhorn, Mrs. Alexander Stevens, Miss Sarah Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. John Jay, Mrs. Wm. Bayard Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. Wm. G. Hamilton, Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, Mrs. J. K. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, Miss Anna Roosevelt, Miss Mary Wharton Wadsworth.

SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York S. S. Teutonic, April 8, 1893.—Mr. H. R. Bishop, Mr. C. B. Brown, Mr. Barclay Bruce, Mr. F. S. Drummond, Rt. Rev. A. Hunter Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fanshawe, Mrs. W. H. Forbes, Miss EdithForbes, Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Miss Gerry, Miss Mabel Gerry, Mr. Peter G. Gerry, Mr. Robert Livingston Gerry, Mr. J. H. Gill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Ismay, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Montgomery, Miss Parsons, Mrs. J. D. Peet, Mr. C. H. Trowbridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Whitehead, Mr. George W. Wheelwright, Mrs. A. L. Winthrop, Mr. Thomas L. Winthrop, Miss Mary Winthrop, Mr. James W. Wood.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Paris, April 8th, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cabot, Mr. S. B. Hunt, Mr. Charles Lanier, Dr. Graham Lusk, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Platt, Mr. J. R. Partridge, Mrs. J. M. Robinson, Mr. A. E. Rodewald, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Van Duzer, Mr. W. L. Waring.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Kaiser Wilhelm, April 8th, 1893.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Coles, Miss Elizabeth Coles, Mr. A. B. Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Hoagland, Mr. and Mrs. John Alsop King, Miss Elizabeth T. King, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kobbé, Mr. P. M. Lydig, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Payson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Robbins, and Mrs. John M. Bogert.

RECEIVING DAYS

The purpose of this department is to provide a remedy for the non-receipt of cards through errors and accidental omissions in visiting lists, postal errors, etc.

MONDAY

Mrs. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street.

Mrs. Henry G. Marquand, 11 East Sixty-eighth Street.

Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Henry Galbraith Ward, 816 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Frances Schroeder, Miss Schroeder, 27 East Thirty-first Street.

Mrs. F. M. Barr, 220 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. A. Brevoort Bristol, 220 Madison Avenue.

Mrs. Jordan L. Mott, Jr., 17 East Forty-seventh Street.

TUESDAY

Mrs. Whiting, 382 Fifth Avenue.

The Misses Babcock, 636 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Auguste Noël, Miss Noël, 109 Waverly Place.

Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street.

Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Forty-sixth Street.

Mrs. George T. Adee, 13 West Forty-eighth Street.

WEDNESDAY

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

THURSDAY

Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, 28 East Thirty-sixth Street.

Mrs. John Pomeroy Townsend, 53 East Fifty-fourth Street.

Mrs. Barger, Miss Barger, 389 Fifth Avenue.

FRIDAY

Mrs. Richard Hunt, 2 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. John G. Davis, 24 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Fordyce D. Barker, 36 West Fifty-first Street.

Mrs. John W. Minturn, 22 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Charles G. Francklyn, 15 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Reginald C. Francklyn, 64 Clinton Place.

Mrs. Charles A. Post, 21 Washington Square, N.

Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street.

COMING EVENTS

Saturday April 15th.—Wedding of Miss Maude Lorillard to Mr. T. Suffern Tailer. Calvary Church, Noon.

Wedding, Miss Alice Cowdin to Mr. Hamilton Hoppin. Ascension Church. Noon.

Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue. Luncheon.

Fair at Calvary Parish House.

Fair for the Cribside Committee. Miss Louise Baldwin, 17 East Twenty-fifth Street.

Monday April 17th.—Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, 150 Fifth Avenue. Dinner.

Mrs. W. H. Jackson, 556 Madison Avenue. Card party.

Tuesday, April 18th.—Wedding of Miss Bradley Martin to the Earl of Craven. Calvary Church, 11 A. M.

Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue Luncheon.

Wednesday, April 19th.—Wedding of Miss Antoinette Guion to Mr. Horace Dickinson Nugent.

Thursday, April 20th.—Wedding of Miss Marie Huntington to Mr. Leopold Francke. Calvary Church, 3.30 o'clock.

Orpheus Glee Club Concert, Madison Square Garden, 8.30 P. M.

Friday, April 21st.—Last Meeting. Mrs. Francis Delafield's and Mrs. John Wood's Dancing Clss. Sherry's.

Amateura Theatricals. Berkeley Lyceum, 8 P. M. Benefit Manhattan Cadets.

HORSE NOTES

AS the spring opens, the Central Park roads, the Riverside Drive, and the other roads in and about the city, begin to put on a new appearance. Handsome equipages are now and then seen, but the choicest vehicles have not yet been brought out. These are still in the workshops of the carriage-makers, most of them having their finishing touches put on. The carriage novelties—of which there are a great many this spring—are of new and handsome designs, blue appearing to be the most fashionable color, and artistic carvings the chief adornments. Fancy traps and road wagons lead in the demand for new vehicles. A new cabriolet, made to carry a child, the seat being in the apron, is one of the unique pieces of work seen in the carriage warerooms. The colors of the cabriolet are deep green and black, and blue and orange, old-gold corduroy being used for the trimming. Another specialty is the four-passenger, full-springed trap.

In spite of the fact that, financially, last year's Open-Air Horse Show proved a decided failure, the United States Horse and Cattle Show Society has decided to have another try at it. The necessary funds for prizes and expenses have been raised by the managers of last year's show, and if any money is realized on this year's exhibit, it will go towards paying off the indebtedness of last year's exhibit. The horse show will be held on the Polo Grounds, June 5th, to June 10th, and the premiums will amount to $18,000. The western end of the grounds will be fitted up to receive drags and other vehicles, and from these a good view may be obtained of the gymkhauna races.

DIED

BIBBY—On Saturday, April 8, Gouverneur Samuel, only son of the late John C. Bibby.

PARSONS—On Thursday morning, April 6th, of heart disease, Laura Lyon, wife of Edwin Parsons, and daughter of Mr. James Lyon of Oswego, N. Y.
Funeral services at Christ Church, Oswego.

SENEY—In this city on Friday evening, April 7th, George I. Seney, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.
Funeral services at 34 West Twentieth Street.

STEBBINS—On Friday, April 7th, Sarah Weston, widow of the late Henry G. Stebbins.

GRISWOLD—On Saturday, April 8th, Ann M. Griswold, daughter of the late Nathaniel L. Griswold.
Funeral services at her late residence, No 58 East Tenth Street.

WOOLSEY—On Friday, April 7th, at her residence in this city, Abbey Howland, daughter of the late Charles Williams Woolsey.

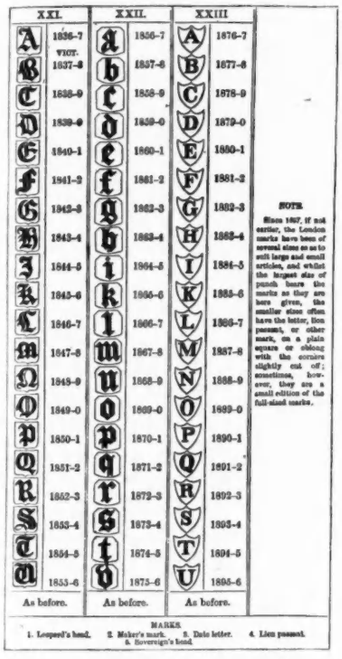
HALL MARKS

THEIR SIGNIFICANCE AND VALUE

Paper No. 2

SInce the year 1598 all hall-marked wares have received a definite date mark as well. This consists of a letter of the alphabet. Starting with the letter A in 1598, the letters go on with B, in 1599, C, in 1600, to the end of the alphabet. But J, V, W, X, Y and Z are omitted, thus making a series of just twenty letters. This would bring the date down to 1617. Then the series of twenty letters starts over again, only in another kind of type. One kind of letter A stands for the year 1598, another kind of A for the year 1618, still another for 1638, and so on, with all the other letters as well, down to 1893. Since 1598 there have been sixteen series of twenty letters each, and therefore sixteen different kinds of type used. The tables of types

OLD PLATE



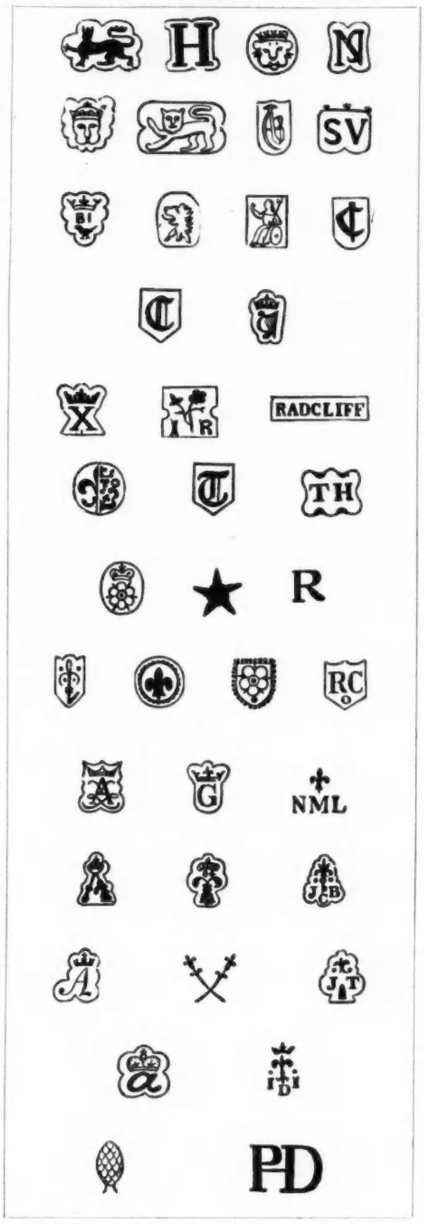
follow, but the matter is more easily understood by referring to the examples of date-marks given on this page :

1598–1617, Lombardic Capitals.
1618–1637, Small Italics.
1638–1657, Court Hand.
1658–1677, Black Letter Capitals.
1678–1697, Black Letter Small.
1697–1715, Court Hand (modern style).
1716–1735, Roman Capitals.
1736–1755, Roman Small.
1756–1775, Black Letter Small.
1776–1795, Roman Small (modern).
1796–1815, Roman Capitals (modern).
1816–1835, Roman Small.
1836–1855, Black Letter Capitals.
1856–1875, Black Letter Small.
1875–1895, Roman Capitals.

While the leopard's head has stood as the sign of the Goldsmiths' Hall the greater part of the time since the system of hall-marking was established, there was one short period, from 1697 to 1720, when it was changed for a double stamp composed of a lion's head and of a figure known as Britannia. King William III. thought that a higher standard of gold and silver ware should be turned out and ordered these two other marks to be used. The articles made during that period are known as Britannia ware.

Gold and silver plate made after the year 1784 bears also the mark of the sovereign's

OLD PLATE



head. This was due to a decree imposing an additional duty of eight shillings per ounce on gold and sixpence per ounce on silver, and directing the wardens of Goldsmiths' Hall to stamp with this mark every article on which the duty had been paid. The mark is still used, although the tax has been removed.

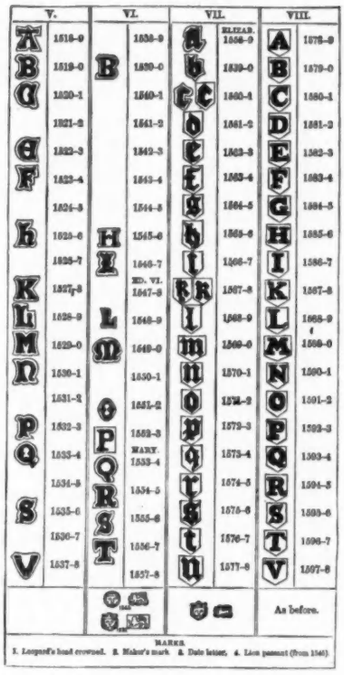
A summary of the six different kinds of hall marks might be made as follows :

1. The Leopard's Head, dating from 1300.
2. The Maker's Mark, dating from 1363.
3. The Annual Letter, dating from 1438.
4. The Lion Passant, dating from 1545.
5. The Lion's Head and Figure of Britannia, used from 1697 to 1720.
6. The Sovereign's Head, dating from 1784.

While a great deal of the private plate of this city bears the English hall mark, that which has been presented to collections comes more into public notice. These objects of interest are on exhibition in Trinity Church. One is a plate for receiving contributions, which has two marks, the lion passant and the London date mark G, in small black-letter type, which signifies it was made in 1684.

Another collection plate has four marks, consisting of the leopard's head, the lion passant, an Old English C, showing its London date mark to be 1760, and the maker's initials, M. F., standing for Mordecai Fox. The last piece of plate is a chalice, with four marks : 1. The leopard's head ; 2. the lion passant ; 3.

OLD PLATE.



the letter F. in Old English capitals (London, 1764), and the maker's mark, T. H. (Thomas Heming).

In Christ Church at Rye is to be seen a silver chalice which has four marks. The first two are the lion's head and the figure of Britannia, as the marks of Goldsmiths' Hall in George III.'s time and the letter N, in court type, showing its date to be 1708, and the fourth the maker's mark, EA, said to be the first two letters of the surname of John East.

In the possession of the Scroll and Keys Society at Yale College there is a porringer marked with the letters P. H., standing for Peter Harrack, whose mark is found at Goldsmiths' Hall in 1675. Three other hall-marked articles are owned by the Society.

There has recently been some agitation among the silversmiths of this city aiming at the introduction of the hall-marking system here. The movement has not progressed very rapidly, owing to the refusal of a number of the larger houses to enter into the project. In stating their grounds for objection, the manufacturers say that their name or trade mark is

a sufficient guarantee of the quality of their gold and silver plate. The reason why the system was established in England six hundred years ago was for the purpose of keeping up the standard of the precious metals. New York goldsmiths say there is no danger of a lowering of the American standard, because

they care more for their reputation than for the trifling gain to be derived from selling an article of inferior quality which a slight deviation from the standard might bring them. It is scarcely probable, therefore, that the hall-marking system will ever be introduced into this country. The drawings accompanying this article of the examples of hall marks, the Yale porringer and the Trinity plate are from Old Plate by J. H. Buck of the Gorham Manufacturing Company and the coat-of-arms of the Goldsmiths' Hall, lion passant, Britannia ware stamp, and examples of hall marks are from W. Chaffer's Hall Marks on Plate.

Edward Andem Bryant.

BALTIMORE BEAUTY—PAST AND PRESENT

THE proud women of Athens wore a golden grasshopper in their hair to proclaim to the world that they sprang from the soil. The women of Baltimore are proud of their beautiful city, and proclaim their nativity by wearing the crown of a perfect womanhood. Baltimore has been called "The Social Athens of America," and well does it deserve the title. There is a grace, a refinement and exquisite loveliness about the fair daughters of the Monumental City which makes them peerless among their sex. Their fame for beauty has gone abroad, and several of them have adorned the peerage of England, and shone at the courts of Continental kings.

Although there are no women in Baltimore at the present time who possess the combined attractions of the celebrated wit and beauty, Elizabeth Patterson, whose irresistible fascinations led captive the fickle heart of Jerome Bonaparte, and for whom he forgot home, France, ambition and the frowns of Napoleon, still there are ladies in Baltimore who keep bright the reputation of that city for beautiful women. They form a society in which all the graceful amenities of life are carefully observed.

Women in all ages have made society: when Pericles ruled Athens Aspasia drew around her the wit, beauty and culture of Athenian society; the grace and loveliness of Josephine prepared the way for the imperial throne of Napoleon; the charming sweetness of Eugénie reconciled the French people to the Second Empire. Baltimore does not possess such rare and remarkable women as these, but it possesses women formed for all the "witching arts of love," women fitted as well to shine in the gay world as to adorn the more tranquil domesticity.

When Baltimore was a little city of fifteen thousand inhabitants it had a group of beautiful women who carried its fame across the Atlantic, and whose fascination realized Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." One of these fair Baltimoreans was destined to a career more strange and romantic than the wildest imagination has ever presented in the pages of fiction. Elizabeth Patterson, a beauty and wit at eighteen, dazzled by the genius and glory of Napoleon, declared that she "would rather be the wife of Jerome Bonaparte for an hour than the wife of any other man for life." Her ambitious wish was gratified: she became the sister-in-law of the great Emperor. Her husband became a king, but she remained a crownless and deserted wife. After the fall of Napoleon, Madame Bonaparte—the Baltimore girl whose ambition had disturbed the dreams of empire, and caused a quarrel between a pope and an emperor—entered upon a social life in Europe more brilliant than any American women had ever enjoyed. In Paris, Rome and other Continental capitals she reigned queen of all hearts and remained mistress of her own. Beauties envied her beauty, wits dreaded her wit, princes claimed her friendship, and kings sought her acquaintance. Wellington admired her beauty, Talleyrand enjoyed her wit, Madame de Staël sighed for her grace and Chateaubriand rendered homage to her intellect.

Contemporary with Madame Bonaparte were the three beautiful sisters, Mary, Louisa and Elizabeth Caton, granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the richest and last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. These lovely sisters, after reigning as belles in their native city for several seasons, went abroad. In England, their rare beauty was the subject of general admiration, and won for them the name of the "American Graces." The Duke of Wellington, then fresh from the victorious field of Waterloo, presented them at the court of the Prince Regent, upon whose jaded heart their beauty made so great an impression that he exclaimed: "Is it possible that this world can produce such beautiful women?" The three sisters became successively English peeresses—Mary, the eldest, married the Marquis of Wellesley, elder brother of the Duke of Wellington; Elizabeth married Baron Stafford; Louise became the Duchess of Leeds, her husband, Francis Godolphin D'Arcy Osborne, being the seventh who bore that proud ducal title. The Duke and Duchess of Leeds were the handsomest members of the English aristocracy. The old Duchess of Rutland, who was the last survivor of the celebrated trio of beauties (the others being the Duchess of Devonshire and the Duchess of Gordon) that had adorned the court of George III., gave a ball in honor of the American Graces, and she acknowledged that they were the most beautiful women she had ever seen. The Duchess of Leeds was the last of the Caton sisters who passed away, having died at St. Leonards-on-Sea in the eighty-third year of her age, on the 8th of April, 1874. All of these ladies died childless, but their rare loveliness left behind them a fragrant memory which keeps them in the affectionate remembrance of the illustrious houses to which they were allied by marriage.

Sir Walter Scott, describing Minna Troil, in The Pirate, says she possessed the combined beauty of the tropic and the temperate zones. So, in the Baltimore women the beauty of the blonde and brunette are charmingly blended.

> For all that's best of dark and bright
> Meet in their aspect and their eyes.

The beauty of the Baltimore girl can be best described by relating the story of the Blue Fairy. One day the Blue Fairy descended to earth, and called together the representative young girls of every nation, in order to make to each some present as a token of her favor. To the Spanish girl she gave hair as dark as midnight, and long enough for a mantilla; to the Italian large black eyes and burning as the fires of her native Vesuvius; to the English girl a complexion that rivaled the rose in delicacy and color; to the Russian the grace and dignity of a queen; to the German

AN APRIL NOSEGAY

a tender and loving heart; to the Austrian a dainty hand and foot; to the Turkish a form as soft as eiderdown. The Fairy was about to ascend to her heavenly home, when she

perceived the American girl sitting sadly among her happy sisters; she then remembered that, in the distribution of her favors, she had forgotten the fair daughter of America. What was to be done? The gifts were all exhausted. But, after a moment's reflection, the Blue Fairy requested each girl to give a share of her gift to her American sister. They instantly obeyed, and in a moment she outshone them all, and of all the fair daughters of America the fair girls of Baltimore are the fairest. There is about them a grace and loveliness that is peculiar to themselves. You identify a Baltimore girl by a certain frank gentleness, by an absence of pretension, and by the sweetest and most natural attractions of her sex. She is thoroughly amiable, her smile is winning, her costume modest, her voice "gentle and low—a most excellent thing in woman." Her affability is caught from habitual intercourse with domestic characters, from truly social, friendly relations, and not from promiscuous or showy associations. She makes you think of a happy fireside and a loving companion; you imagine her name to be Mary, and think it would be the most natural and charming thing in the world to make it your household word. Whether it is the medium latitude of Baltimore, not so far south as to induce languor, or so far north as to generate over-activity, it is difficult to say, but certain it is that the women of the Monumental City unite the graces of the sex more harmoniously than those of any other American metropolis.

When the author of Guy Livingstone visited Baltimore he was struck by the remarkable beauty of the women, and thus spoke his admiration: "On the appearance of a débutante, in Baltimore, the first question asked is, 'Is she pretty?' For many years past, common report has conceded the golden apple to the women of the Monumental City. I think the distinction has been fairly won. The small, delicate features, the long, liquid, iridescent eyes, the sweet, indolent morbidezza, that makes southern beauty so perilously fascinating, are not uncommon here, and are often united to a clearness and brilliancy scarcely to be found nearer the tropics. At the hour of 'dress parade' you cannot walk five steps without encountering a face well worthy of a second look." A more recent writer, speaking of Baltimore, remarks that, while there is not much of a romantic or literary character connected with the city, its name and fame have been redeemed by the loveliness of its women. The lovely pictures which accompany this article show that the present generation possess the exquisite personal beauty which inspired a Baltimore poet seventy years ago to write "A Health" to "One made up of loveliness alone." A few years since Baltimore society was adorned by a young lady whose family possesses hereditary claim to grace and beauty. On her mother's side Miss Emily McTavish is the granddaughter of Gen. Winfield Scott, on her father's side she is descended from Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and is the grandniece of the famous Baltimore beauties, already mentioned, who were known at the court of George IV. as the American Graces. Miss McTavish has been described as being stately in her bearing as Tennyson's Maud, and calm in her manners as her grand-aunt, the Duchess of Leeds, whom she is said to resemble in personal appearance. This queenly Baltimore girl possesses that conscious repose and high-born grace which we remark in Vandyck's female portraits, representing, as they do, the transmitted beauty and refinement of a dozen generations:

> "Joy revel'd around her—love shone at her side,
> And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
> Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
> And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
> But no more in the ball-room that figure we meet."

for she has left home, family, friends, society, to pass her life in the seclusion of a convent.

Among the galaxy of lovely ladies who now adorn Baltimore society we have the pleasure of presenting to the reader a group who well sustain the far-famed reputation of the Monumental City. One not represented is Miss Elizabeth Livingston, who possesses the best blood of Maryland, Virginia and New York. In these days, when pedigree is a fad, and distinguished ancestry is often based upon imaginary claims, it is a pleasure to trace the genealogy of a family whose long descent is so interesting and undoubted.

Miss Livingston is a granddaughter of Van Brugh Livingston, whose father was "Gentleman" Philip Livingston, private secretary to Sir Henry Moore, the last Colonial Governor of New York. His father was Peter Van Brugh Livingston, President of the First Provincial Congress of New York, and a brother of Philip Livingston, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He married Mary Alexander, sister of the Earl of Stirling, who was the second in command to Washington during the first years of the American Revolution. The father of Peter Van Brugh Livingston, Philip, was the second Lord of the Manor of Livingston, his father, Robert, being the first. These Livingstons are the lineal descendants of William, the fourth Lord Livingston, whose family was afterwards dignified with the title of Earl of Linlithgow. On her mother's side Miss Livingston is descended from the Wests of Maryland. Her great-grandmother, Harriet West, was a noted beauty in the Colonial days. She is also related to the Aldridge family of Virginia and the Schuyler family of New York.

Miss Livingston is now visiting her aunt, Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston, in New York, and would have made her début at the Patriarchs' Ball but for the death of her mother. On this account she has lived quietly, but has moved in the inner circle of the New York aristocracy, being one of the Hundred and Fifty. She is one of the loveliest girls that Baltimore has ever sent to adorn the crême de la crême of New York society. Photographers say that no picture can do justice to her loveliness, as it is her expression that gives an exquisite charm to her refined and aristocratic features. One of her greatest attractions is that she is apparently unconscious of her beauty, and perfectly unaffected in her manners. She has a rare musical talent, and although she has never taken a lesson, plays delightfully on the piano, guitar and autoharp. Like most of the ladies of Baltimore, Miss Livingston has a soft, southern voice.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once humorously remarked that the monument to Washington, which adorns the most aristocratic square in Baltimore, should be discrowned of the statue of the Father of his Country, and a canvas-back duck take its place, because Baltimore is the gastronomic capital of the universe. Should it ever be determined to remove the statue of Washington from the monument that bears his name, we suggest that a more appropriate substitute for the Father of his Country would be a statue of one of the fair daughters of Baltimore, a model for which could be readily found among the lovely ladies whose portraits adorn this article. Eugene L. Didier.

PORTRAITS

IN this issue of Vogue is published a portrait of Miss Gertrude Barclay, one of the charming débutantes of the winter. She is the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Barclay and was born at Astoria, Long Island, in the old family homestead. Her paternal great-grandfather was Henry Barclay, the first rector of old Trinity, and a similar relative on her mother's side was Governor Wright, the first Governor of Maryland.

AS SEEN BY HIM

I Heard yesterday that I am considered clever by some people in society. I was quite surprised to learn this, and I am sure that my feelings will be shared by any number of my friends. Of course, I am not such a fool as to accept this compliment save for what it is worth. Yet I cannot help feeling pleased at it. One thing is certain, I am glad that to this sweet morsel was not added the phrase, "but I am so afraid of you." The male gossip who frequents ladies' drawing-rooms at the tea hour and tattles about the current scandal of the day, indulging en passant in a bit of sharp criticism of his acquaintances, may be considered amusing for the time, but he is a person who is more feared than liked. He will find, to his cost, that when he needs a friend he may have to search very far to discover him. People will invariably say, "Mr. Jones is very clever, but then, you know, we are afraid of him, he is so satirical." My dear fellow, never let that be said of you—rather remain an idiot.

I make it a rule only to say the nicest things about people. Such speeches stand wear so much better than sharp ones. What I think I frequently keep to myself.

As I am in this moralizing mood, I may add that I have invariably selected my men friends from among those who have the largest circle of male acquaintance. When a man is popular at his club, you may rest assured there is a great deal of good to him, you can trust him, and you may be sure that he is not a gossip.

At the risk of being accused of anglomania (I should have become hardened to these insinuations before this), I must say that I am an advocate of foreign travel. I think it broadens a man, and that each visit to an older civilization gives him a deeper appreciation of his own country, inspiring him with an earnest and commendable desire to improve it and to rectify its crudities. You know we are crude. I even agree with the Chicago lady (she lived on the wrong side, socially, of that city) who remarked to a New Yorker: "Wall, Popper and me took a flying trip across the pond last year, and now we are going reg'lar. The influence is tip-top; we find it kinder widenin'."

Americans who travel but little, and particularly those who scorn to visit England (they

XUM

are, however, few in number, these days), are the people who should try to borrow a few correct phrases from their Saxon neighbors, and obtain a hint or two in regard to the language which they are supposed to speak. Their syntax and grammar are generally full of the most grievous errors. They persist in calling things by wrong names, and are prone to the most atrocious vulgarisms. Such people always "stop" at a hotel and never stay there. By the way, if you are a single man, and intend to go to London for the season, do not stay at a hotel. The right thing to do is to engage chambers. Only second-class Americans and dubious foreigners patronize the ordinary London hotel. If you are married, and are making only a short stay, well, then, a private hotel—there are many of them—in a quiet, aristocratic street is acceptable. Londoners laugh at Americans for their fondness for hotel life. But to return to my mission. Another vulgarism much in vogue is the use of the word "stylish." A woman is never stylishly, but is smartly gowned. Stylish belongs only to the tailor and the dressmaker.

A little English book on the use of words, which I have been just reading, has some excellent rules for salutations at a morning, or, as it is sometimes classed in the provinces, an afternoon call. Of course it is needless for me to call attention to the fact that any call between midday and four o'clock is a morning call. This volume says: "Good morning and good afternoon, are open to the same objections as the use of words ladies and gentlemen, men and women. There are times when the application of these words is correct, and again times when it is considered incorrect. At a morning call, for instance, both of these expressions would be out of place, unfashionable and odd. How do you do and good-by being the recognized formulas between friends and acquaintances; while between strangers or between business men or between people meeting on business matters, or between inferiors and superiors, good morning and good afternoon are the only expressions in use by way of salutation, farewell or dismissal." I use the text, because I really cannot think of any better way of wording this very excellent precept. Another thing, it is not good form to answer the question, "How do you do?" with "Pretty well, thank you;" but you must simply say, "How do you do?" with an accent on the you. You will also be asked to have a cup of tea, and not to take it is rude. While I am on the use and misuse of words, I must say I cannot understand why there should exist, in this country, such a general prejudice against the word "lift," and why in its place everybody speaks of the "elevator." I can undertsand how an elevator can go up to the top of a seven story building, but how it can descend is a mystery to me. I mean by that how it can go down and still remain an elevator.

Talking about lifts, I was asked the other day what was the proper etiquette for a man when he meets a woman, whether he knows her or not, in this public conveyance, should he remove his hat or should he keep it on? Of course, the first instinct of a gentleman is to be courteous to women, but there are times and circumstances when this courtesy is strained and out of place. My answer to the lift question is very simple: I never remove my hat. The reason is, that a lift, especially one in an office building, is, as I have defined it just now, a public conveyance; it is the same as if it were a staircase, a tramway, or a hall in a business locality. A man does not remove his hat in an "elevated" railroad train. Why should he then in a lift? If the lift, however, is in a private hotel, and a man should there meet a lady, I hardly think even then that the question would be changed. It would simply depend upon the security of his social position. If secure, he would keep on his hat.

The idea that you must remove and deposit your hat somewhere because you are not in the street has exploded with a great many other old-time notions. Men always wear their hats in their clubs, and carry them in their hands when they are making a morning call. Of course some people have odd fancies. I met a very genial young man at a swagger tea last winter, walking around the drawing-room in his overshoes and macintosh. Seeing my look of surprise at his attire, he explained it in this rather startling and original manner: "I do not think I should take off these things, because, you know, I am in mourning for my grandmother." Thus have we various ways of expressing our grief.

There are two other minor questions of etiquette which seem to be constantly agitating people, at least I judge so as I have received any number of letters on the subject. The first I believe is purely local, it refers to swinging doors which are placed at the storm entrances of New York office buildings. Should a man hold open one of these until the next comer passes through? I consider it a nuisance, and I am greatly embarrassed (if ever I have known what it is to be in that

state), when I find some one holding the door open for me. I can open it myself. Of course one should always hold a door open for a woman to pass through.

The other question has to do with the position of ladies in crowded trams. I think that the practice of overcrowding tram cars in this country is a blot on our civilization. Every passenger pays for and is entitled to a seat. Abroad no one is allowed to stand in trams. As soon as a certain number of passengers have entered the car, a sign is placed on the outside. I remember apropos of this how an unfortunate American tourist was bewildered in Paris. He told me that he had gone on excursions in each and every omnibus that traversed the streets and boulevards of the gay capital. "There is one place, however," he said, "that I have never been able to visit a suburb named 'Complet.' Every time I hail an omnibus with the sign Complet it will never stop for me." I really believe that crowding in trams is encouraged in this country and that women enjoy getting into a vehicle in this condition. I hardly expect a show of good manners in a public conveyance and I generally avoid myself traveling in them. In London and Paris I always take a cab, and in this city when my trap is not ready I hire a conveyance, when duty and business sometimes call me down to see the family solicitor on that vulgar crowded thoroughfare known as Wall Street. When, however, I am obliged to use a tram, unless the case is very deserving, I keep the seat to which I am entitled and leave the enterprising female to her lot.

LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

NOthing, certainly, is more delightful than dining at the House of Commons, except, perhaps, the yet more fascinating experience of "Tea on the Terrace," when the summer afternoons grow long and dreamy, and the stately Thames, lazily gliding along, is tinted golden in the slanting sunbeams. The sky above is a brilliant soft blue, and the shadows cast by the great stone buildings—within which the fight and struggle, the heat and passion of Opposition against Government is forever going on—make a grateful background to the fair faces and dainty gowns of the women. They sit about in groups at the little marble-topped tables discussing politics, scandal and strawberries and cream, or strolling up and down the wide stone promenade, esquired by their attendent Members, to whose magic "Open Sesame" they owe this otherwise unattainable privilege.

But this is distinctly a summer pastime, and we are far away from that bright promise just now, so we content ourselves with dinner at the House, which, indeed, is a still greater privilege, since the accommodation is very limited and a Member dining his friends must bespeak his table beforehand. The actual dinner itself, by the way, is always notoriously bad; but one doesn't go for the ménu, one goes to see and to be seen, and to enjoy the excitement, though only as an outsider, of being for the moment in the full swim of Parliamentary life.

We had a very jolly "House" dinner the other evening, a sort of drawing-room post-prandial feast, in honor of our host's daughter (the Liberal Member for Southampton), who had that afternoon made her débutante courtesy to her Queen. The Member's pretty American wife was our hostess, a handsome French woman and her equally good-looking husband—to both of whom the whole affair was absolutely novel and unexpected and whose comments thereon were deliciously fresh and naive—one of the smartest unattached Irish Members, and my humble self the guests.

We "mealed" in the new dining-room only opened this session to Members and their friends. It lies somewhere in the uttermost depths of the House, but just where I cannot tell you. I only know we went down interminable flights of stone stairs, meeting at every turn a stalwart "Bobby," who, one and all, grinned responsive to our Member's cheery nod as they saluted the party generally. The dining-room, when reached, proved a small appartment, holding only five tables besides our own, and these already occupied. In one corner, over by the window, Sir John Gorst was bending his gray head courteously towards a fair, handsome woman on his right, and opposite to him Mr. Ackland, his fine Roman nose seen to full advantage in profile, was laying down the law to his feminine neighbor on the left. Mr. Justin McCarthy held another corner table, his daughter doing the honors to one or two young Irish guests, while beyond them, again, I caught sight of Mr. T. W. Russell, the rabid South Tyrone Unionist Member, also with his pretty, witty, clever daughter, who has only just returned from New York, in love, as she asserts, "with all things American, and especially the American men!" Miss Russell kept her father's guests in roars of laughter, a chorus which we returned in equal form.

The women were all most prettily gowned; some in full evening tenue, others in afternoon costumes and the smartest of hats or bonnets. The men, without exception, in evening dress each with his own particularly affected flower as a boutonnière.

Our French guest carried off the palm in the matter of demi-toilettes, for, although she was clad in the deepest mourning a Parisienne mondaine ever adopts, it was so ultra chic, so perfect in every detail and so exquisite in fit and finish, it put every one else's smart clothes in the shade, and made one long to also mourn in such a metier, the timely demise of a good, an estimable, and a wealthy father-in-law! Madam's gown was of the softest and most clinging silk crêpe, and was constructed in a marvelous succession of straight lines that terminated in unexpected graceful curves, and its dead blackness was only relieved by the soft glow of very beautiful pearls. Pearls were her only ornament. She had a long double string of them about her neck, strung on the slenderest gold chain, to which was attached her pearl mounted pince-nez; her rings were rows of the same delicate gem, and a large oval-shaped pearl, exquisite in color, held together the transparent jet butterfly wings, which formed her apology for a bonnet, while the large pearl solitare pins fastened the filmy fall of lace at her throat. Altogether she formed an illustration and a moral of mourning "as it should be" in the world ou l'on s'amuse.

Talking of dinners, a friend of mine dined on Sunday last at Marlborough House, being one of the fifty guests, special actor friends and intimates, whom the Prince of Wales entertained that evening. These Sunday dinners, by the bye, are never allowed to be chronicled in the London dailies; the Queen particularly objects to Sunday hospitality, and by her request all record of them is, if possible, kept out of the public press. So it is only through private friendship that any details get known. As a matter of fact not a Sunday evening passes that the Prince does not either give a dinner party or go to one at some particularly favorite house. Alfred de Rothschild, Lord Brooke and the De Falkes being those he most affects. On this occasion he invited all the best known managers and actors of London theatres, and a very genial merry party they were. To the Prince's right sat Mr. Henry Irving, on his left Mr. Toole, next to Mr. Irving came Dr. Broadbent—since poor Prince Eddy's death an ami intime of both H. R. H. and the Princess; and, he needs must be, since he knows too much of those last sad hours, and rumor says, refused a baronetage "in consideration"—and next to Dr. Broadbent, Mr. William Farren, the veteran representative of the old school of high comedy, the worthy descendant of a long line of brilliant members of the profession, and of the famous Elizabeth Farren, who afterwards became the Countess of Derby—while all down the long table were seen such an array of faces of the brightest lights in the histrionic world as is seldom gathered at one board.

The table literally groaned under its wealth of gold plate; it was laid with the most exquisite damask, and—an old fashion revived—with long crossway pieces at each end, which were removed after the pièce de resistance course. No candles or lights of any kind were placed on the table, all illumination coming from the shaded electric globes above. The floral decorations were very elaborate and very gaudy. Scarlet lilies and crimson anemones vied with pale mauve and delicately tinted yellow orchids, surrounded by trails of green smilax—an American creeper only lately introduced here, but now all the vogue—which fell in graceful festoons from the tall silve épergnes of elaborate repousée work, which have quite supplanted the pretty low crystal silver and glass vases and bowls of the last few years.

About eleven o'clock a small table was laid out in the Indian form, according to old hospitable custom, upon which, besides the usual wine, spirits, and various mineral waters, were plates of the most delicious sandwiches of all degrees, and tiny silver racks filled with daintily browned sippets of toast, and with these last light refreshments the evening came to a happy end.

Diane.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

A Charming summer costume of India silk, of a pale wood color with delicate pattern of sprays in black, is shown on page 265. The round skirt has most of the fullness in the back, and is trimmed around the edge with a bias ruffle of black satin. Above this are three six-inch flounces of écru guipure. The bodice is made without darts and fastens at the side. There is a yoke of the guipure defined by an insertion. From this falls a flounce of the same lace very scant over the bust and slightly wider on the shoulders, from whence it falls in folds over the wide leg-o'-

mutton sleeves. From a butterfly bow of black satin on each shoulder springs a band of the black satin which meets at the waist line and falls in floating ends over the skirt. A belt of the ribbon is passed around the waist and ends in front with a flat bow. The capote has a flat crown of écru velvet with a brim of jet and is trimmed with a bow of the velvet mixed with lace. It has two butterfly ends of black satin. The gloves are of tan suede, and the shoes of black patent leather.

On page 259 is shown an Empire gown of pale yellow brocade strewn with violets. The short décolleté corsage is made with surplice fronts crossed under a girdle of violet satin. A low-necked cape or chemisette of the finest linen lawn, hand embroidered, is turned back over the corsage and the short puffed sleeves after the fashion of the epoch. Necklace and bracelets of pearls complete the costume.

On the same page is a hat of maize colored straw lined with dark brown velvet in such a way as to show the edge of the straw. A crushed pink rose is placed under the brim and rests in the dark hair. The trimmings consist of brown velvet bows, pink roses with brown foliage and a brown ostrich plume.

Page 257.—Old-fashioned costume, consisting of a shot silk skirt in silver gray and rose color, trimmed with festoons of the same, confined here and there by a rosette of ribbon. Two rows of gray and rose ribbon form a trimming on the extreme edge of the skirt, which is distended to enormous proportions by the hoop skirt. The corsage is of gray satin with full, drooping sleeves, and there is a pointed piece of rose-colored satin covered with lace in the front. The Leghorn bonnet has the wide brim of 1830, which encircles the face, and there is a wreath of pink roses under the front. The trimming consists of stiff bows and pink roses.

The second figure shows the infinitely more graceful fashion of to-day. The skirt is of pale azure satin, made en traine, and has a tiny ruche on the bottom of black velvet. The low corsage is of black velvet with puffed sleeves of the same, and there is a deep, full bertha, a pale azure chiffon over silk of the same shade. The hair is dressed high with a pearl aigrette.

Page 258.—The graceful woman posing for her portrait, wears a gown of white crêpe de Chine, falling in soft, full folds to her feet. The low, square cut bodice is outlined by a band of pale rose velvet, and a belt of the same confines the folds at the waist-line. A wide, full frill of embroidered chiffon forms a bertha, and the puffed sleeves of crêpe just reach the elbow. The mantle is of "éminence" colored velvet lined with satin of the same color, and trimmed with black fur.

Page 260.—Cape of black velvet with high collar and ruffle of the same. The lining is of shot rose colored silk. A little black velvet capote is encircled by a wreath of roses, and there is a jet aigrette on the front. The gown is of gray bengaline with gold embroidery.

The lower figure has a gown of petunia cloth the bodice defined by gold passementerie, with a narrow girdle of the same. Yoke and sleeves of black satin. Straw capote with Alsatian bow of black satin and gold aigrette.

Frontispiece.—Evening gown of transparent white crêpe made over a slip of Nile green silk. The simple low-necked bodice is crossed in front and disappears under the wide belt composed of green silk folds, shaped in corselet fashion. The full elbow sleeves of the crêpe are finished on the shoulders by butterfly bows of Nile green ribbon. The skirt is made with gathers in front over the fourreau of green silk, has a demi-train and is trimmed around the bottom with three rows of lace slightly frilled, the upper row finished by a heading of narrow edging. A narrow dark green velvet band encircles the throat and is fastened by a pearl ornament. In the hair is a Nile green ribbon and pearl aigrette.

The young man in the picture wears an evening suit of black cheviot with white waistcoat and white lawn cravat. His gloves are white stitched with black, and his boutonnière is a little bunch of white violets.

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The Exhibition number of **Scribner's Magazine** to be issued simultaneously with the opening of the World's Fair, will contain the first publication of an original manuscript by George Washington, giving a graphic personal account of the Braddock Campaign; illustrations by Howard Pyle. The frontispiece will be a reproduction in color of a pastel by Robert Blum, put on stone by the artist himself.

IN GOTHAM

"It's very hard, this New York Life,"
Exclaimed a parting youth;
"I tried to be as nice as Vogue
And twice as swift as Truth."

Quips.

THE JOHANNIS WATER is very sparkling and well suited for invalids, owing to its soothing property for allaying thirst.

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